62912

Mid-Night
AND
DAILY
Thoughts,
In PROSE & VERSE.

PART IV.

BY

Sir *William Killigrew*, Knight,
Vice-Chamberlain to Q. *Katherine*.

LONDON,
Printed for the AUTHOR, 1695.

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Sr. *WILLIAM KILLIGREW's*

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TO

Her Royal Highneſs,

ANNE,

Princeſs of DENMARK.

MADAM,

I Am very Ambitious to Beg Your Leave to Dedicate this Little Book unto Your *Highneſs* View, in the ſame Words that I lately uſed, on the like Occaſion, unto Your Royal Angelical Siſter, now gone to God:

'That

'That my Praiſe cannot
'reach Your Merit, nor Flat-
'ter You beyond it: But
'the Honor of Your Name,
'will Eternalize my Credit,
'by ſo great a Favour un-
'to,

Your Highneſs

Moſt Humble Servant,

William Killigrew.

THE

THE *AUTHOR*'s Apology, Instead of a PREFACE.

READER,

I *Have thought fit to give You the Trouble of this my* Apology, *instead of a* Preface; *because I have been lately told, That some Great* Scholars, *in Civil Terms, do not Approve of my* Writing *of* plain Language, *to be understood*; *as I suppose, to discourage Me from* Writing *more: Because* Poems (*they say*) *ought to shew much* Wit *and* Eloquence, *such as may be admir'd by* Learned Men; *though nothing more in them be said, than what those* Learned *knew before: So that, those high-strain'd labour'd* Lines, *in a whole* Poem, *the World do nothing Teach*; *but shew a* Pride *for Praise, for what such* Doctors *only understand: but unto* Others, *neither* Piety *nor* Passion *move, nor any* Lessons *teach*; *but are Fine Things, finely said, that can do no more Good, than* Whistling *to a* Multitude: *So that, instead of* Converting *Me, it has* Confirm'd *my* Want *of* Eloquence, *to be of much more* Christian Use, *to shew*

ſhew a Plain *Way to* Heaven, *that Univerſally may bring the moſt* Unlearn'd Men *to* Practice, *and to* Pray *for* Grace, *to arm their* Hearts *with* Faith *and* Courage *againſt the* Judgment-Day.

I have alſo had the Honour, *to have this* Little Book *peruſed by his Grace*, John Tillotſon; *lately Lord Arch-biſhop of* Canterbury; *who ſent it back to Me, by his* Secretary, *Mr.* Fairfax; *with his Grace's great Approbation, and Advice, to have it* Printed: *I have alſo heard, That ſome other Great* Divines *do ſay*,

They do not value Piety the leſs,
Becauſe 'tis Publiſht in an homely Dreſs;
Nor do I envy ſuch a Lofty Strain,
Where Eloquence does labour ſo in vain:
If what I Write, do give no juſt Offence,
I am unconcern'd for want of Eloquence,
Who only do pretend to Innocence:
And underſtand not Learn'd *Pindarick Odes*,
But march t'wards *Heav'n* in the plaineſt (Roads.

Mid-night

Mid-night and Daily THOUGHTS.

To a Deſpairing Friend.

YOU ſay, That your *Sins* are great, and too numerous for your *Repentance* to waſh off, (moſt truly;) but *Faith* in *Chriſt*'s plenteous *Redemption*, cures thoſe defects in us, for what falls ſhort in *Hearty Penitence*; (elſe) if your *Contritions* were equally as great as your *Crimes*, (or could be beyond them) that might open a Gap for *Preſumptuous Merit*, to ſteal into your Heart, and ſo prove a greater Sin than any you have yet committed.

You alſo think, that your *Repentance* comes too late for *Pardon*, (when nothing but *Doubting* can make it ſo;) which aggravates your Faults, to limit *GOD*'s Eternal *Mercy* unto your *Time*; for, no Man knows when 'tis too late, for *GOD*'s Omnipotence to make a *Reprobate* become *Regenerate*.

So that we may ſafely judge, a modeſt *Doubting* of your own *Unworthineſs*, to be in a much leſs dangerous Condition, than a *Preſumptuous Confident*, in his own opinionated *Saintſhip*; for, when *GOD* ſees your utmoſt

endeavour is, to regain his loſt favour, you will obtain more *Mercy*, than any *Merit* of yours can claim.

And when this *Change* is made, it will, by frequent Practice, grow unto the higheſt *Exaltation* of your *Soul's* Joy, to delight in the *Divine Grace* of the *Holy Spirit's* working in you, by which *GOD* does manifeſt his acceptation of your *ſincere Faith*, ſo actually evident to his All ſeeing *Eye*, that your vigorous devout *Adreſſes*, will, in a little time, confirm your *Sacred Election*; from whence, ſuch bright Illuminations of his *Bleſſed Comforts*, will ſo fill your Heart, that all your Blood will thrill with Joy, and all your Body ſhudder with a *Spiritual Delight*, beyond a Name to call it by, ineffable to be deſcribed. And thus, from a *Deſpairing Sinner*, you will become an Epicure in *Religion*, when you taſte the *Divine Felicities*, that the Love of *GOD* creates in your Heart; ſuch a *Delightful Zeal*, as will convert your fear of *Death*, unto a joyful Expectation to be called unto *Eternal Life*, and *Glory*, in *Heaven*.

On Atheiſm.

'TIS ſtrange there ſhould be an *Atheiſt* in the World; that any Man, whoſe Eyes do *ſee*, and Heart can *think*, and conſider any

any thing; how this whole World doth hang ſuſpended in the Air! So vaſtly great, ſo round, that the greateſt Mountains are like ſmall Spots on a large Globe, that makes no unevenneſs appear; and where there is no Sides, no Ends, no Top, nor Bottom; but a Circumference ſo large, that all parts are uppermoſt; no *Antipodes*: And then to obſerve, how the vaſt *Ocean*, with deepeſt rowling Waves in greateſt Storms, doth ſeem an Univerſal Flatt, for a Thouſand, Thouſand Leagues; tho' it be round as the Earth is, and as faſt fix'd in either of their Stations, not to fall aſunder. How theſe things can be, is worthy the wiſeſt *Atheiſt*'s Thoughts: Or, if he does ever look up towards the amaſing Wonders of the *Skys*, and *Heaven*, above the reach of Mortal Fancy high! Where the *Divine Glorious Eſſence* dwells; whom we call *GOD*; from, and to *Eternity*; which the *Atheiſt* will find in the next World; by whoſe Omnipotent Command, all theſe Created Beings come: So that, I believe, the *Atheiſt* rather wiſhes there were no *GOD*, than dares to think there is One:

Who will his Inſolent Contempt Reſent,
And ſend him to Eternal Puniſhment.

On the Fear to Dye.

IT were a ſtrange Paradox, that Men ſhould *fear* to go, where they *deſire* to *be*, (if that were the Diſpute;) but we *fear* to go we know not where; ſo that, 'tis want of *Faith*, to *fear* that *Death* will not conduct us unto *GOD*; for, by doubting, we betray our ſelves, and our Guide alſo; who is ſent to lead us the right way to *Heaven*; for *Death* knows thoſe *Gates* will not open, to let in ſuch Doubting Men, as will not learn to know, that a fix'd *Faith* is the only Root that bears the Flower of our *Supreme Felicity*, and ſecret Aſſurance to enrich our Souls with *Divine Grace* on *Earth*, and with *Glory* when we come to *Heaven*. But, when Men do doubt their own Integrity, they do create an Argument, to *fear* dying, by flattering of their Miſtaking Hearts in time of Health, with an ill-grounded Hope of their *Election*; which appears not to be amiſs, until the *fear* of ſuddain Death affrights them into a deeper ſearch of their Condition, which is ever ſubject to a ſad Surprize, for want of thinking on before: And that is more ſtrange than all the reſt! that we ſhould ſo ſeldom think of what we are always doing, when every Moment may be our laſt ſtep into *Eternity*.

The

Of the Patriark *of* Alexandria.

I Have heard, That a *Patriark* of *Alexandria*, asked an old *Hermit*, What Comfort he found by living alone in that Desart? Who answered, *That to judge and condemn himself perpetually, was the Imployment of his Solitude; who was every moment dying; and did therefore prepare for a short Summons into Heaven: And until then, from his Rock, he did behold and contemplate the Glories of the World, (where he formerly had lived;) but now enjoyed more happy Hours in this Cell, (by wishing for no more than what he had) than* Alexander *found in all his Conquests.* To which the *Patriark* reply'd, *He did believe, that a retir'd contented Mind did afford the most solid Felicity for an happy Life; but he could not, with a good Conscience, lay by his Mitre for a Cell (to please himself,) rather than to do Good unto others, by his high Calling, in his management of Publick Affairs.* For that Man is truly happy, that can make Devotion the prime pleasure of his Life.

On an over-buſie Projector.

THere is ſome difficulty to reſtrain
The Boundleſs Fancies of a buſie Brain;
That naturally ſwells with a delight
To get, what our vain Fancies think we might;
And ſeem to guide us in our great Affairs,
Till we intangled be in our own Snares:
Such witty *buſie* Men, do ſeldom find
The conſtant Pleaſure of a quiet Mind;
That ſcramble amongſt *flowers*, until they meet
With *Thorns*, to ſcratch their *Fingers*, & their *Feet*.
But never do enjoy a bleſs'd Content,
Until loſt Labour brings due puniſhment;
Becauſe their Adle-Heads will ne'er ſubmit
To Acquieſs with what our *GOD* thinks fit.

On

On Truth.

O Lord! increaſe our Zeal, our Faith direct,
That no falſe Fancies may our Souls infect;
Let us not go aſtray,
When we addreſs to pray.

Forgive the Errors of our careleſs Youth,
And now inform our Hearts to find out Truth;
In this Sciſmatick Age,
Where Hereſies do rage.

When Ignorant, and Learn'd, alike may doubt,
Till all do ſeek to Thee, to find Truth out,
And by thy Spirit move,
To gain true Faith and Love.

All wavering Hearts to Thee, do open lie,
Thou know'ſt we are in ſearch of Purity;
That we may ſerve Thee ſtill,
According to thy Will.

If from Hypocriſie our Souls be free,
How can we fail, when we addreſs to Thee?
Can Panick Fears poſſeſs,
Whom thou art pleas'd to bleſs

With

With ſuch a lively faithful Love; or ſhall
We doubt to be receiv'd, when Thou doſt call,
If humbly we obey,
When Thou doſt ſhew the Way?

'Tis then not poſſible to err; Thy Light
Is Truth, tho' it may dazzle our dim Sight,
Accuſtomed to Night;
We then are in the Right.

Mid-night

Mid-night and Daily THOUGHTS.

On the Fear of GOD.

I.

HOW can we chuſe but tremble! when we know,
That every wilful *Sin* makes *GOD* our Foe:
'Tis not true Valour, but Madneſs not to fear
Heav'n's Juſtice, till we can ſuch Sins forbear.
Fools only ſlight the Rod
Of their Incenſed *GOD!*

II.

Plague, Famine, War, and Private Enemies,
Are as *GOD*'s Rods, when He will us chaſtiſe;
'Tho, not like Thunder, ſent from his own Hand,
They come by his Permiſſion, or Command!
Offenders then muſt fear,
That meet Him every where:

III.

'Tis therefore ſafe, and Wiſdom to begin
To Proſper, by the Conqueſt of One Sin;
That, by *GOD*'s Grace, we may enabled be,
By One, and One, to gain full Victory
O're all our wonted Crimes:
If we begin betimes,

IV.

To fear Him as we ought, we cannot fear
Ought elſe; for He is our Guard every where:
If He will enter, and our Hearts poſſeſs,
With Courage grounded on true Holineſs!
No Evils can annoy,
Such high tranſcending Joy!

V.

As *GOD* brings with Him: Devils cannot harm
A Man incircled with his Holy Charm.
So arm'd with ſuch Divine Security,
The Terrours of the World will all paſs by,
And only Children fright,
Like Phantoms in the Night.

To a long-ſick Friend, grown Pious, (ſince Dead.)

I

WHEN Pain or Sickneſs does Compunction move,
Thoſe Sorrows will, with the Diſeaſe, remove:
Conſcience, 'gainſt Nature, does but faintly ſtrive,
When Health invites our Vices to revive:
So 'tis when Loſs, or Dangers, do approach,
Such Troubles rather prove a juſt Reproach:
'Tis neither Piety, nor Penitence,
To grieve for Puniſhment, and hug th' Offence.
Such ſhallow Streams, as flow from frighted Hearts,
Cure not, they only eaſe from preſent Smarts.
Thoſe Pious Flaſhes are but Satan's Traps,
Baited catch thee, by a worſe Relapſe.

When

When Health and Strength returns, and thou art free
From Fears; when Wealth abounds, and thou mayſt be
Without Controul, as Wicked as before;
Then to Repent, and then to Sin no more;
Then to forſake the World, to ſerve thy *GOD*,
Is pureſt Love, no Terrour from his Rod;
And, as the Camel, through the Needles Eye,
You'll paſs, to juſtify that Myſtery.

II.

From whence are all the Pleaſures you enjoy?
How freed from Sins, which did thy Soul annoy?
If from New Grace, deſcended from Above,
Expreſs it by thy Gratitude and Love.
Let frequent Pray'rs, and true Obedience, ſhow
Thy Soul's Above, though thou art here Below.
Yet, when thou do'ſt rejoyce to pleaſe thy *GOD*,
Shake at his Frowns, and tremble at his Rod,
A Filial Awe, with ſuch Affection dreſt,
Without Preſumption, will declare thee Bleſt:
If now thy Heart be thus divinely ſet,
Where Grace, and Glory, are united met,
Thy buſie Elevated Soul will riſe
To a Converſe with Angels, and deſpiſe
Thoſe Idolized Pleaſures, which thy Youth
Preferr'd before thy *GOD*: If this be Truth,
Let now the Actions of thy Life declare,
How much *Devotion* does tranſcend *Deſpair!*
What Peace! what Comfort! and what Joy you find,
Since your dull, Earthy Heart was thus refin'd
From thoſe corrupted Dregs, which did ſuppreſs
Thy Glorious Spirit in ſo baſe a Dreſs?

III.

It now remains fully to ſearch and try,
If thy own Heart be free from Treachery;
If thy Converſion will the Tryal ſtand,
To paſs the Teſt on every Command:

For, not to put thy Fingers in the Fire,
Is no Praiſe; but to quench an high Deſire,
When Oppertunity invites, and Hell
Aſſanlts thee with a dazling Powerful Spell;
Nor yet to ſacrifice thy darling Sin,
Which, in defy to *GOD*, thou wallow'ſt in:
This will thy *Zeal* avow, thy *Faith* declare;
And ſhews thy Intereſts in Heaven are.
'Tis eaſie to diſſemble, or diſguiſe
Our higheſt Crimes from one another's Eyes;
Untill thy Chearful *Exit* make't appear,
Thy *S*elf, and We, may doubt thy Saintſhip here.

IV.

If *GOD* be *GOD*, and thou believeſt Him ſuch,
Thou canſt not Love and Worſhip Him too much;
On whom depends the Other World, with His
Eternal Glory, and thy preſent Bliſs:
If once a true Ceraphick Flame poſſeſs
Thy Raviſht Soul, with Heav'nly Happineſs,
'Twill entertain thee, with Divine Tranſports,
Beyond the Glory of the Greateſt Courts:
'Twill give thee Courage, when the World does fear,
And make thee Rich, when Want is every where:
When once thou do'ſt this Great *Elixir* gain,
'Twill cure all *S*ickneſs, and remove all Pain:
'Twill teach thee how to taſte the Joys thon haſt
In Health, and bring high Comforts at the laſt.
And thus, on Earth, thy Heart may prepoſſeſs
A Glimpſe of thy Eternal Happineſs:
Tho to deſire *to be Diſſolv'd*, be more,
Than any *S*aint, but *One*, wiſht heretofore.
A Lively Faith will mount thy Soul ſo high,
As without Fear, to be content to die:
Elſe thou do'ſt mock thy ſelf, with Hopes to be
Poſſeſt of an un-wiſht Felicitity;
Only diſcours'd of, and ſo little priz'd,
Thou durſt not look on't, when by Death diſguis'd:

To ſhrink at what muſt be, is nothing brave;
Or think to paſs to Heav'n, and miſs the Grave;
When 'tis decreed, we muſt revert to Duſt,
Before we reach to Glory, with the Juſt.
If we do fear, or doubt, or do diſdain,
When we are dead, to lie where *CHRIST* has lain;
Where is the Faith, that we pretend to own,
By hoping in his Reſurrection.
Thus, the prime Buſineſs of our Live's to die;
Then Live, by this Divine Philoſophy.

V.

When this Enquiry's made, and ſome Years ſpent,
To be aſſur'd, that thou doſt not Relent;
But ſtrive on ſtill to gain an Higher Place,
And nearer *GOD* in Favour, and in Grace;
Thou mayſt preſume, with Humble Confidence,
Thy Son-ſhip's ſure; and this new Innocence,
With all thy former Crimes, out-face, and free
Thee both from Puniſhment, and Slavery:
For, as Terreſtrial Fancies ſhrink away,
Refin'd, Celeſtial Joys will gain the Day;
And Thou great Victor wilt in Triumph ride,
With Choirs of Angels by thy Chariot's Side;
Inſtead of Golden Wreaths, and Lawrel Bowes,
A Starry Diadem ſhall Crown thy Browes;
And thou on Wings of *Cherubims* aſcend,
While Men, on Earth, for Trifles do contend.

On Godly Gratitude.

WE ought to thank *GOD*, as we're bound to do,
For our *Creation*, and *Redemption* too!
For all his Favours, and his Creatures ſent
For Daily Uſe, and Humane Nouriſhment,
For our Health, and for our Preſervation,
In this Time of Death, and Deſolation;
When Plagues, and Famines, with the Sword, bear ſway,
As if the World were now become their Prey:
And Men, with Deviliſh Induſtry, do ſtrive
Who can the greateſt Miſeries contrive:
When Thouſands fall on every ſide, we ſtand
Still ſafe, preſerv'd by His Almighty Hand,
To gives us Time to Pray, and to Repent,
That we may 'ſcape ſome greater Puniſhment:
And thank our *GOD*, for all theſe Mercies paſt,
And to enlighten our dark Souls, at laſt,
With Grace, to ſee the Danger we are in,
While we run on in Vanity and Sin:
And thank our *GOD*, who, by Degrees, may move
Our Hearts to Faith, Obedience, and Love;
Which will, in Time, beget a Pious Strife,
Till Sin be Conquer'd by an Holy Life;
And we ſhall then ſuch Contentation have,
That we may Sing, and Dance, into our Grave:
Thus Reconcil'd to *GOD* we may conclude,
There is much Joy in *Godly Gratitude.*

On Godly Fear.

LET not a Slaviſh Fear thy Heart poſſeſs;
But Filial Awe proclaim thy Happineſs
Of thy Adoption: Learn to love thy *GOD.*
Now thou haſt 'ſcap'd the Terrour of his Rod,

Thou

Thou may'ſt Rejoyce, and Hallelujah ſing,
To Praiſe and Glorify thy Heavenly King;
Who has the Sins of thy whole Life forgiv'n,
Freed thee from Hell, and deſtin'd thee for Heav'n:

And yet thou muſt fear too; Fear to offend
Thy Gracious *GOD*, leſt that thy Later End
Be worſe than thy Beginning was: To fear
Falling from Grace, is good; leſt the Arrear

Of thy Account for *Sins*, upon thy Head,
Be higher heap'd, ~~than~~ when thou haſt Reliſhed
So full a Bliſs, and ſo great Comfort found
In *CHRIST!* again to tumble to the Ground,

Were terrible; and therefore, thou may'ſt fear
Such Temptations, as thou meet'ſt ev'ry where:
Thou may'ſt fear, leſt thy Daily Sins deſpight
The *HOLY GHOST*, who takes ſo great Delight

To ſoften thy hard Heart, and then to dwell
Therein, to guard what He has gain'd, from Hell:
Nay, when thou'rt beſt, thou then may'ſt fear to find
Thou do'ſt not rightly judge; for thou art blind,

And can'ſt but grope thy Way: Thoſe Paths that lead
To *Paradice*, are dark, and thou may'ſt tread
Amiſs; they are too ſlippery for Man
To walk ſteady in, do what he can!

'Tis dangerous not to fear, when Angels fell
Before the Face of *GOD*, from Heav'n, to Hell:
'Tis Wiſdom to put on both Fear, and Joy,
So as the Firſt do not the Laſt annoy:

Thy Heart muſt not thy trembling Fits lament;
For *Reverential Fear* doth Joys augment:
When *Godly Fear*, and *Godly Joys*, agree,
Thou wilt be Raviſht with Felicity.

To my Friend, *on his Wicked Dreams.*

DO not thy Daily Thoughts thy *Dreams* invite
To give thee this Diſturbance in the Night?
Like Barking Currs, that would, but dare not bite,
When thou art arm'd, to quell them in Day-light:
Tho' Sleeping Fancies never will create
Such Crimes, as will Offences aggravate,
Boaſt not thy petty *S*kirmiſhes o're Sin,
While there remains One Enemy within,
That does in Ambuſh lye, and Silence keep,
Till Thou, with all thy Guards, are fal'n aſleep;
Then gently, in ſome Friendly Shape's Diſguiſe,
Seizes thy Perſon, as a Lawful Prize:
But, if thou would'ſt full Victory obtain,
Let not one ſecret Enemy remain;
Boldly root up all the old Serpent's Seed,
And gain a Glorious Victory indeed!
Such, as thou wilt a Conquerour become;
Beyond the Greateſt Emperours of *Rome*,
To tryumph in this World, and o're the Grave,
When thou art freed from being *Satan's S*lave.

To DEATH.

O Death! —— —— —— ——

THou may'ſt, with the ſame *S*peed thou cam'ſt, be gone,
I dy'd long ſince; and then thy Work was done;
For, call'd by Grace, I did to Heav'n advance;
There welcom'd was, in a Celeſtial Trance;
By which my Soul has ſince been daily fed,
With Angel's *S*acred *Manna* nouriſhed:
Yet thou thy conſtant Fee ſhall duly have;
Take now my Rotten Carcaſs to the Grave:
But if this High, Divine Ceraphick Theam
Be not approv'd, then look on't as a DREAM.

Love

Love thy Neighbour *as thy* Self.

BUT ſome Bad Men there be, who much diſdain
Our *Saviour*'s Precepts ſhould obſtruct their Gain;
Who had no Place, whereon to lay his Head,
Nor car'd to ſleep in an Embroider'd Bed,
Like them who *Nectar*, and *Ambroſia*, feed:
CHRIST cry'd up *Vertue*, and all *Vice* with-ſtood,
Who lov'd the *Being*, and the *Doing* Good;
But now, our after-Ages have refin'd
Thoſe ſordid, naked Cuſtoms He deſign'd;
When *Waſhing Feet*, and meaneſt *Homely Meat*,
Was look't on as an *Epicurean* Treat,
For half-ſtarv'd Fiſher-men, who knew not how
To live like Princes *Then*, as we do *Now*;
That laugh at thoſe Predictions of our Fate,
When, by Oppreſſions, we maintain our State:
If we make injur'd *Innocents* complain,
Let them the *Bleſſing* have, and we the *Gain*:
Fools only prate of *Perjury* and *Fraud*, to fright
Wiſe Men, from ſeizing on their Neighbour's Right;
When *Craft* and *Treachery*, with *Power*, bears ſway,
Our Formal Zeal gains Credit to betray
A Good Friend's higheſt Truſt! and then think fit
To boaſt a baſe, old *Jewiſh* Cheat, for Wit:
'Till a juſt Doom o're-take Men ſo accurſt,
For *Judas* Crimes, until their Bowels burſt;
Unleſs they do Repent,
To 'ſcape ſuch Puniſhment.

On our Great Phyſician.

IT has been ſaid, That Nature was unkind,
To make no Medicine for a troubled Mind:
How much does *Grace* than *Nature* far excell?
That can by Faith, in Chriſt, all pains expell;

And, in a Moment, raiſe the greateſt grief,
To ſacred Joy, like the Crucified Thief;
Which ſhews no Malady in Man, but may
By His Divineſt Breath, be blown away;

Beyond all Doctors Med'cines, or their Skill;
He made Death, and the Devil, obey His Will;
That we may come to Him for ſuch a Cure,
As will unto Eternity endure.

A Reprobate *transform'd into a* SAINT.

WE pray to be Adopted Sons of God,
Reduc'd by Love, not frighted by His Rod:
So that by Love, and Gratitude, we muſt
Obey His Will, and on His Mercy truſt;

Who takes delight ſo often to Create
Divine Affections in a Reprobate;
That never thinks of Him, nor Heav'n, nor Hell,
Yet by His mighty Grace in Heav'n may dwell.

Who can an Age's Sinner, by His Power,
Transform into a Saint; and then can ſhow'r
Celeſtial Joys into his Heart ſo faſt,
That he'll become an Angel at the laſt.

On Univerſal Righteouſneſs.

IF *Univerſal Righteouſneſs* do beſt
Declare our Zeal, and be the ſureſt Teſt
Of our Election. God ſets a low price
For Man to ſee His Face in Paradiſe;

And

And, by His Law doth ſhew, His cleareſt Love
Doth our Obedience, and Adoption, prove:
By which redoubled Love, 'tween *GOD* and Man,
The greateſt Sinner, by Repentance, can
In few Years Duty, certainly obtain
Celeſtial Glory, which is mighty gain;
When nothing can afford more Pleaſure here,
Than Righteous Living, which will bring us there.
And if all Men did rightly underſtand
The Joy and Freedom of that great Command;
When God does Righteous Beams in Hearts diſplay,
Joy will increaſe; no Terrors can diſmay
A dying Man, with Grace thus prepoſſeſt,
To doubt his Paſſage to Eternal Reſt.
Nor can the Heart of Man more Bliſs deſire,
Than when his Soul to *GOD* doth ſo expire.
But 'tis not poſſible for Man to paint,
The Divine Raptures of a Bleſſed Saint;
When *GOD* is pleas'd to ſhew a glimpſe of Grace
Upon his Heart, the ſhadow of his Face,
Creates ſo great a Raviſhing Delight;
Next Glorious to His own Beatick ſight.
By which we ſee, that Righteous Living is
The only way, to reach Eternal Bliſs.

On the Death *of* Death.

THO Death to Nature terrible appear,
Where Grace does grow, it will remove that fear
Which *Adam*'s Sin did firſt in Men create,
But ſince is chang'd to a Diviner Fate.
By *CHRIST*, who has the Sting of Death deſtroy'd,
Through Faith in Him, which all Mankind annoy'd;
'Till he became a Bleſſed Sacrifice,
Who only could his Father's Wrath ſuffice,
To bring Relapſed Man to former Grace
With *GOD*, and to aboliſh his diſgrace.

And, thus reſtor'd, our Souls to Heav'n will fly,
In Triumph for this mighty Victory;
Which Crowns our Hopes, at the laſt puff of Breath,
With Everlaſting Life, inſtead of Death.
Then let no Terrors our faint Hearts diſmay,
For though our Bodies muſt in Time decay,
Our Spirits are of ſuch rich Metrle made,
When thus refin'd, they cannot be afraid;
Nor entertain the leaſt deſpairing Doubt,
When all their Sins, by Faith, are blotted out;
Which will ſuch laſting, ſacred Life renew,
As will to Death for ever bid adieu.

On Devout Raptures.

IT is not poſſible for Tongue to tell,
How Raptures in Devotion do excell
The petty Pleaſures of the higheſt Strain,
That every Carnal Wiſhes did obtain..
We may the Picture of a Soul produce,
As ſoon as teach its Joyes for humane uſe;
For, when a pious Soul in Zeal does mount,
'Tis far beyond the reach of an Account,
How faſt thoſe various Joyes increaſe and riſe,
Until they fill ſuch Hearts with a ſurpriſe,
To find their Sacred Fancies grow ſo faſt,
As if they were Arriv'd in Heaven at laſt.

On the Scandal rais'd on my Poverty.

YET after all my Crimes, it may be told.
That I have neither barely Spent, nor Sold,
What my good Parents left; but have a Right
By lawful Purchaſe, prov'd as clear as Light,

Worth

Worth double as much as can be truly ſaid
My Father left me, when his Debts were paid.
And what my Children may, by Parliament, regain,
When they their own juſt Acts conſider, they'll maintain,
And puniſh all thoſe Heathen perjur'd Men, who Swore
Againſt, what they themſelves conſented to before;
And what two hundred years Records have plainly ſhown;
All which was to th'Abettors of that Riot known.

On the Sacrament.

LORD, let this Fervent Zeal, which now I find
Doth ſo Tranſport my Heart, and fill my Mind
With Sacred Raptures, of Celeſtial Bliſs;
That Earthly Joys muſt all ſubmit to this
Divine Aſſurance of my Future State,
Which this Bleſs'd Sacrament does now Create,
That my refined Soul to Heav'n may fly,
Now it is freed from Satan's Slavery.
And all the Pleaſures of this World deſpiſe,
When I to God, in Glory ſhall ariſe,
Inrich'd by Grace, at this Bleſs'd Sacrifice.

Take heed, leſt you Fall.

ALL Men ſhould live, as ever in God's ſight,
And make Devotion their Supreme Delight;
And then obſerve, how God doth Grace return,
To make Ceraphick Joys the brighter burn;
And fill our Hearts with a Divine Supply
Of Saving Faith, that will not fear to die;
Well knowing, Death brings Immortality.

A neceſſary Caveat.

SLeep not at Night, nor in the Morning Riſe
Unguarded, to encounter a Surprize;
Leſt ſudden Death pronounce thy ſudden Fate:
And thou do then begin to arm too late.

GOD will make us ſee, That He is always with us, if we Truſt in Him.

THIS mighty Leſſon has a bleſs'd extent,
And does beget a great Aſtoniſhment!
That *GOD* will, by His Holy Spirit, tell,
In Sacred Whiſpers, That he likes to dwell
With Men, whoſe Piety and Faith regard
His Preſence, as a bountiful Reward
For all their Love and Duty, that Obey
His Will; tho' ſhort of what they ought to pay.
So that we may, with Joy, God's Love return,
And Gratitude, inſtead of Incenſe, burn.
Man can no higher Exaltation have
Than this, between his Cradle, and his Grave;
Which will on Earth ſuch Heavenly Joys create,
As may the Angels Bliſs participate.

On

On our cold Deſire to be with GOD.

WHY do we hover about Heavens Gate, and knock as if we did deſire to enter in? Why mock our Hearts with expectation of Eternal Bliſs; which we ſo faintly do believe, that if thoſe Gates ſhould open to us when we pray, few Men can find an hearty Wiſh to enter in that Moment? Oh! But we alledge, That 'tis our frail Nature that makes Death fright us from thence, which only can convey us thither. How weak then is our Faith? How cold our Affection towards GOD? When every Accident that looks towards the Grave, affrights our timorous Souls from the Fruition of thoſe Eternal Joys, which we ſeem, through our whole Lives, to wiſh and pray for; but do not enough conſider, How ſhort our beſt Stations on Earth are, if compar'd with Eternal Bliſs in Heaven: So that, if our Reaſon, and our Religion, do not invite us with Joy, to ſee the Face of GOD in Glory, as our Supreme Deſire, we muſt acknowledge, That the ſhort gliſtering Fruitions of his Creatures here on Earth, do ingage our Hearts to value them more than Him, and all His Glory in Heaven.

On Faith.

WHEN *Faith*, with Holy Fancies, fill the *Mind*,
Such Elevated Raptures, ſo refin'd,
Will Icy-Fits from Frozen Hearts remove,
By flaming Joyes, to the Divineſt Love
Of *GOD*; which will ſuch Happineſs procure
On Earth, as will Eternally endure,
And raiſe dejected Souls from high Deſpair,
'Till they aſſur'd of their *Adoption* are;
And fill the Hoſt of Heav'n with a Surprize,
To ſee great Sinners to ſuch Glory riſe.

On Meditation.

THY Soul, by *Meditation*, ſoon will mount
To *Paradiſe*; from thence give full *Account*,
How thy *Addreſſes* are receiv'd, and how
Thou may'ſt thy *Piety*, and *Zeal*, avow;
Then will thy frequent Thoughts of Future Bliſs,
Create ſuch Joyes, as will ariſe from this
Enlightning Grace, to Thee from Heav'n ſent,
To fix a Sacred, firm Eſtabliſhment
Of thy Election to an *Angel's* Place,
Where thou ſhalt ever ſee *GOD* Face to Face;
And, while on Earth, thy Soul will daily Feaſt
On *Angels* Food, and as *GOD's* chiefeſt Gueſt,
In Heav'n, ſit near unto His only Son,
To ſhew the Glory of Thy *Adoption*.

On Eternity.

IF we conſider the Incomprehenſibleneſs of *Eternity*, and that we can but gueſs at the Woe, and the Bliſs, involved in *Eternity*; How ought we to ſpend our Moments here, to eſcape that Woe, and to gain that Bliſs, the Thought whereof is ſo amazing wonderful? Old Men cannot ſpend the little remains of their Time better, than in a Retirement from the hurry of the World, in Converſing with Themſelves, with *GOD*, and with the other World; ſo to give themſelves up wholly to the Service of *GOD*, to ſweeten the Terrors and Agonies of Death, by the Joyful Expectation of Eternal Bliſs in Heaven: And thus we may wean our ſelves from this World, while we are in it. For, nothing can be a ſolid Foundation for Peace of Conſcience on Earth, without a Real Univerſal Righteouſneſs, to bring us unto Heaven at laſt; which doth require ſome time for Practice, leſt we flatter our ſelves with vain hopes of more *Piety* than we have. But if thus we give our ſelves up to the Conduct of the Spirit of GOD, dwelling in us in this World, we ſhall certainly obtain an Eternity of Bliſs in the Next: For Holineſs of Life, in the Faith of Chriſt, is the Ticket whereby we ſhall be admitted into Heaven,

and there be Crowned with Immortality and Glory: And thus, by frequent Divine Meditations, we ſhall get ſome Taſte of thoſe Joys, and a glimpſe of that Glory, in our elevated ſincere Devotions, as will give us ſuch an inward Aſſurance of our Election, as will create ſuch a Voluptuous Delight in ſuch Converſations with *GOD*, as may be called a Prepoſſeſſion of Heaven, when our Souls are raiſed up with ſuch Angelical Deſires to be with God, who is never abſent from thoſe that delight in Him, who is the Supream Immortal Object of our Immortal Soul's Supream Delight; ſo that he who believes this, and can do thus, will Live happily, and Dye chearfully, with an inward Aſſurance of Eternal Bliſs.

On the due Conſideration of Death.

THough moſt Men do pray, and hope to go unto Heaven when they die; yet we too much fright our ſelves with the terrible Aſpect of that great Gyant, *Death*, whom we muſt encounter by the way; when we ſhould encourage our Hearts with Ideas of Joy, Bliſs and Glory, on a true lively proſpect of Eternal Happineſs, which we may ſee by Faith, in our remove to Heaven; 'tis only in our laſt ſtep to that Celeſtial Paradiſe, that we

we muſt paſs thro' a dirty Hole, (for the Grave is no other) and if well conſidered, that our Souls will paſs lightly over it, tho' our Bodies ſtick there ſometime, until they be refin'd, to meet again at the Reſurrection. Such pre-conſiderations as theſe, will bring a rectified Pious Man to look toward his Grave, with more Kindneſs than Horror; when he remembers, that he is every moment, that he lives, dying, (and muſt be dead) and then will only change his troubleſome Habitation on Earth, for an Everlaſting Tranquility in Heaven: So that, if we compare the ſhort terrors of the Grave, with the Eternal Joys on the other ſide of it, no Man of Faith will be frighted by ſo ſmall an Evil, from ſo great a Bliſs, as will conduce to increaſe the inexpreſſible Pleaſure of living every moment ready and willing to go unto God. For, when we find our cleanſed Hearts, really freed from all paſt Sins, and totally wean'd from Carnal Evil Appetites, with our Souls faſt fix'd on God by Faith, Gratitude, and Love; we may rejoyce, without Preſumption, and hope that the Holy Spirit is in ſome meaſure dwelling in us, when our elevated Addreſſes to God go higheſt, and not miſtake ſuch Divine Raptures for *Enthuſiaſms*; (for it is not the Devil's buſineſs, to ſend Men to Heaven;) ſo that our continual Expectation of Heaven ſhould be our greateſt Felicity on Earth, with our preparation to go thither

cheerfully, which is the cleareſt Manifeſtation of our Faith and Affection unto *GOD*, with ſuch Joy, as will ſhew, that our Departure from this World, is like riſing from a Dunghill to a Throne. So then, a true Penitent, that loves God intirely, will find that the Divine Felicity of Living, ever ready to die, is the greateſt Bleſſing that Humane Nature is capable of (on all accounts) for our conſtant Entertainment here, by the comfortable pre-aſſurance of our going unto *GOD*, the moment we expire. For he that believes this, and can live thus, cannot fear to ſtep into that Eternal Joy and Glory, which Chriſt has purchas'd for him. And no doubt, but Hermetical Livers, that can make the prime Buſineſs of their Lives, to converſe with *GOD* Day and Night, in ſuch Holy Meditations, do find more ſolid Joys, and more frequent Tranſporting Delights, than the greateſt Epicure, that ever liv'd.

On a Ceraphick Trance.

I Have heard of a Pious Man, who often try'd to deſcribe the Joy of a *Ceraphick Trance*, when his Devout Addreſſes unto *GOD* flew high! hoping, by a Review of thoſe Felicities, to fix an *Idea* of their Tranſporting Glory in his Memory: But did ſtill find thoſe Divine

Divine Ayers, were too Refin'd Objects for his Pen to unfold: And did therefore rest satisfy'd with the Effect, that such Illuminations from Above, did create in his Exalted Soul, towards an Inward Assurance of his Future Eternal Bliss; really believing, that *GOD* doth comfort, and regenerate Hearts of Pious Men, with such delightful Glimpses of His Celestial Glory, as are ineffable to be told; tho' frequently afforded unto such vigorous Addresses in Meditation, which leads Men to the highest Mystery of Piety.

On my late Dream, *of my* Wife's *Appearing to me.*

THO' Holy Visions do no more appear,
Our *GOD* still manifests, that He is near
By Dreams; and, by such Emanations, prove
The sure Effects of His Divinest Love;

And has, this *Night*, presented to the Life,
The perfect Figure of my long-dead Wife;
So Dress'd, so Young, so Beautiful and Well,
As doth *Vandyke* and *Titian* far excell.

By which Appearance, and her Welcome, I
And She, shall meet in Immortality:
My Age, and my Infirmitiy's so great,
This seems to me, a warning to Retreat;

With a propitious Prospect, to supply
My Faith, with Sacred Joy, when I do Dye;
To let me know, that I need wish no more,
Than *now* to go, where She is gone *before*.

Judge

Judge not Raſhly.

LET no Man judge his Neighbours great Offence
Paſt Cure, when *GOD* does by His Providence
Transform the greateſt willful Reprobate,
By ſpecial Grace, to grow Regenerate;
And, in a Trance, doth lighten his dark Eyes,
With bright Angellical Felicities,
Which neither Pen, nor Pencil, can deſcribe,
When a joy'd Heart thoſe Sacred Streams imbibe:
He ſlights all Pleaſures which the World beſtows,
To pay the Duty he to Heaven owes.
For nothing can unto Man's Soul create
A Bliſs beyond a bleſs'd Ceraphick Fate.

On Fancy.

IF we the Actions of the World obſerve,
Impetuous Fancies often will deſerve
The Stile of Curſed Root, from whence doth ſpring
Such wicked Thoughts in Men, as Ruin bring.

Where Frailty Rules, and Fancy fills the Brain,
No Reaſon, nor Religion, can reſtrain
Our Natural Inſtinct, that will comply
In Errors, to ſome Fatal Deſtiny.

Then let our Faith, our conſtant Fancies raiſe
To Heav'n, That we may duly Pray, and Praiſe
GOD's Holy Name; and may for ever be
Imploy'd to Love, Obey, and Worſhip Thee.

Then will our Fancies guide our Souls delight
In Glorious Objects; that do out-ſhine Light,
And ſuch as are Ineffable to write.

A Me-

A Meditation on GOD.

WHen we do meditare on GOD, and find
His Glorious Eſſence cannot be defin'd;
Nor his Eternity be underſtood,
We are to think 'tis for our human Good

They be conceal'd; Let us God's Laws fulfil,
And ſurely practice his revealed Will.
Thoſe Myſteries of State are ſo Divine,
That 'tisenough for us, to ſee them ſhine;

And to participate the Bliſs they yield,
Tho' their Original be ſtill conceal'd;
Our Faith, with Love, and our Obedience, will
The Court of Heaven, with Saints and Angels fill.

My Farewell.

MY deareſt Friends, I bid you all farewell,
I feel my Doom, and need no other Knell.
Your Sighs and Tears do ſeemingly engage,
Your Hearts to fear ſome deſperate preſage
For me, who now am ſummon'd to poſſeſs
My Share in Heavens Eternal Happineſs.
You have no Argument for being ſad,
When my tranſporting Joy does make me glad,
To find, that God, who never did exclude
A Penitent; now will not me delude
With hopes of higheſt Faith, and greateſt truſt,
Shall riſe to Bliſs, although my Body muſt
Be eat by Worms, and then be turn'd to Duſt,
My Reſurrection will be with the Juſt:

Where

Where Saints and Angels, Hallelujahs ſings,
In Adoration of the King of Kings;
Whoſe Mercy is beyond the reach of Verſe,
And much too great, his Glory to rehearſe;
Which Mortal Men a Glimpſe can only ſee,
By Faith, till we by Death immortal be.
If this you can't deny,
Don't think that I muſt cry,
'Cauſe all of you muſt die,
Tho' not ſo ſoon as I;
For if we muſter up the Pleaſures of this Earth,
And fully view the terrors of a ſudden Death,
We ought with care to watch, that every puff of Breath,
Our nimble Souls may up to Heaven convey,
Leſt Vanities do make them go aſtray;
When all the Empires of the World, we know,
Are ſhort-liv'd gliſt'ring Bubbles here below.
When *Cyrus*, that great King of *Babylon*,
With *Solomon*, are both forgotten gone;
Who living, ſhin'd in Glory like a Star;
How bright then muſt we think the Angels are?
And if we dare, and do not think amiſs,
How more glorious, the Triple God-head is,
That fills all Heaven with Eternal Bliſs?
Why then do you thus Childiſhly lament,
Your Dying Friend's Divine Eſtabliſhment?
Where all our Prayers, and all our Faiths create
The Bleſſed Hope of an Angellick Fate:
Who can in *Death* take a Supream delight,
And hate the terrors of an Hypocrite,
That walks 'tween Heaven and Earth, in a Diſguiſe;
To ſhew, that he does *GOD*, and Man, deſpiſe.

FINIS.